WIT,

11630. c. 8
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A

POEM

Moſt Humbly INSCRIBED

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL of *ORFORD.*

Humiles laborant, ubi potentes diſſident.

LONDON:

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[Price ONE SHILLING.]

WIT.

A

POEM.

Most Humbly Inscribed

TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

EARL of ORFORD.

BRITISH MUSEUM

[Price One SHILLING.]

——*Frontem nugis ſolvere diſce meis.*

YES—You, *My Lord*, can ſtand the Teſt of *Wit*,
So, none to patronize the Theme ſo fit.
Retir'd with Glory from the Toils of State,
A World of *Envy*, and a World of *Hate*,
A World of *Faction*, and a World of *Strife*,
From all the *Tumults* of the *Stateſman*'s Life;
Retir'd with Glory to the Muſe's Seat,
From all the Shafts of Calumny and Heat;
Well vers'd in Books, with KINGS politely bred,
At Heart ſerene, and ever cool in Head:
Smile, ORFORD! Smile on theſe *impartial Lays!*
And let the Bard attend thy evening Days!
While He of Wit diſplays the *moving Charms*,
Whence flows the *greateſt Good*, and *worſt of Harms*;

So

So ſhall thy *Genius* make his Poem bright,
And teach the *Briton* how to be polite.

True Wit's a Spark of that *vivific* Ray,
Whoſe Glory makes the whole Creation gay;
Love, Pleaſure, Joy, and Rhapſody inſpires,
And all th' extatic Bliſs of fond Deſires,
Warms, chears, and animates the terrene Clod,
Till Man ariſing imitates his *God*:
Up-rais'd on Contemplation's eaſy Wings,
Explores the Source and Origin of Things;
The paſt, the preſent, and the future ſees,
And traces *God*'s immutable Decrees;
The Height of all myſterious Science gains,
What's dark illumes, [redacted] what's intricate —— explains.
So the *great Newton* round the *Zodiac* rov'd,
Rever'd by Man, and by his *God belov'd*;
Whoſe Genius went as far as Man's can reach,
And taught as much as mortal Man can teach;

To

To Ages yet unborn his Name endears,
And rids the World of *ſuperſtitious* Fears.

The Beams of Wit thus pierce all Nature thro',
And *God*'s unblemiſh'd Glory clearly View,
His ſpotleſs Image to the World diſplay,
And vindicate to Man his *endleſs* Sway,
That *God* is all in all—— One perfect Soul,
Whoſe boundleſs Spirit animates the whole,
ſees thro' the dark Receſſes of the Mind,
And reads the latent Views of all Mankind,
From all its Films illumes the viſual Ray,
And to *Religion* points the ſureſt Way,
Hope's cordial Joys reveals to all below,
And makes us with the Bliſs of Cherubs glow,
Smiles in the *Lamps* of this *revolving Ball*,
And with *impartial* Bounty bleſſes all.
'Tis Man, — *ungrateful* Man! that partial proves,
Smiles with *Deſign*, and but with *Envy* loves.

As the fair *Mirrour* ſhews each blooming Grace,
Britannia's *Beauties* in their Features trace,
So Wit reflects that Sweetneſs all admire,
Thoſe inward Graces which the Mind attire,
Thoſe mental Talents which the Soul ſublime,
Diſcuſs all Nature, and *Parnaſſus* climb,
O'er *Helicon* expand the *Muſe's* Wing,
Soar like the Lark and moſt melodious ſing,
Tune the ſoft Muſic that inchants the Soul,
Diffuſing Harmony from Pole to Pole,
Till the fierce *Savage* loathes the Thirſt of Blood,
And emulates the *Saint* in doing Good.

When bold *Corruption* moſt deſpotic reigns,
Blots the *Tribunal*, and the *Senate* ſtains,
When Perſecutions, Strife, and Diſcord rage,
Int'reſt prevails and rules a *venal* Age,
When *Hydra*, *Factions*, and *ſeditious* Jars
Provoke a Nation forth to Civil Wars:

Wars moſt accurſt! that deluge States in Blood,
Th' impious ſpare, and ſweep away the Good,
The martial Plains with gaſtly *Chaos* ſtrew,
Make *Orphans* bleed for Sins they never knew:
When ſuch the *Triumphs* of nefandous Times,
And Man's diſtinguiſh'd only by his Crimes;
Averſe from *Homicide*, to *Fury* blind,
Of Truth tenacious, and compos'd in Mind,
Sedate in Temper, and at Heart ſerene,
True Wit with Horrour marks the ſable Scene,
All public Ruin with Compaſſion views,
And only public Harmony purſues,
Peace to reſtore with ſacred Ardor glows,
And all it can to reconcile— beſtows;
Whoſe generous Spirit ſcorns all venal Ends,
And only Man's intrinſic Worth befriends,
Yet kindly winks at Faults it can't commend,
Such Faults as don't to Injuries extend,
Such Faults as in the faireſt Flowers blow,
Whence Men to Men, this kind Indulgence owe:

——Not ev'ry Clime affords the brilliant Gem,
Nor Virtues garniſh every *noble Stem*;
Enough the Medium of our Lives be clear
From Stains, the vicious World may eaſy bear.

True Wit beyond its genius ne'er aſpires,
Nor with Impertinence the Patience tires;
Nil admirari makes the ſocial Guide,
In *Moderation* placing all its Pride,
Sports with Detraction, and with Envy plays,
And in the *Momus ſcorns* an *Aſs's* Brays;
No Merit circumvents to gather Fame,
But ſmiles on Worth and cheriſhes the Flame,
To venal Minds bequeaths the *reigning Arts*,
Of undermining Men of ſhining Parts;
Is kind to Virtue whereſoe'er it ſhines,
And ſweet Complacency the whole refines;
Not *Phœbus* lov'd his charming *Daphne* more,
Than *Phœbus* loves the Souls ſerenely ſoar.
Not the fair *Regent* of the *Cyprian* Grove,
Could with a ſtronger Flame *Adonis* love;

Than

Than loves the Thund'ring *Monarch* of the Skies
The Genius who his Talents *thus applies*,
Whoſe Wit his Temper can command with Eaſe,
And with the beſt good Nature ever pleaſe.

Of all the piercing Wits that ever ſhone,
Princes allur'd, and ſweet Preferment won,
Few with a *Bacon*'s Merit can compare,
His Genius ſhines ſo exquiſitely rare.
Oh, had his Virtues equall'd but his Mind,
How bright had been the *Comet* of Mankind!
How bright had ſhone the Maſter-piece of Arts,
Of all the Science that the World imparts!
Tho' mean his Fall, his Fall with Glory ſhines,
And but the Weakneſs of a Man defines:
This Phœbus and th'armonious Nine require,
Forget his Failings, and his Praiſe inſpire.

True Wit the Sight of Wiſdom never quits,
And never acts by ſudden Starts and Fits;

With all *Minerva*'s Charms adorns the Mind,
And cultivates the Love of human Kind;
In great *Achilles poiz'd* the flaming Sword,
'Till Reaſon to her Empire was reſtor'd:
As Tens to Millions quickly numerate,
(*Thoſe Millions ſhould ſupport a ſinking State*)
So Wit with Judgment gathers ſolid Fame,
And decks with Dignity a laſting Name.
'Tis Judgment that reſtrains its flowing Vein,
And terminates it in the Golden Mean;
Whence with a World of Enmity it plays,
And vindicates Eternity of Days,
Sublimely ſoars above the Storms of Fate,
Enjoying Peace in ev'ry deſtin'd State;
But laughs at *Fortune*, as ſhe ſmiles or frowns,
And ſcatters *Fetters* o'er all earthly Crowns;
Makes the *proud Man*, the moſt *ambitious Knave*,
To Luſt and Avarice the *meaneſt Slave*.

Wit without Breeding ſhocks the tender Ear,
And from Conceit its Manners muſt be clear;
E'en Truth without Politeneſs but offends,
But thus diſplay'd ſecures the kindeſt Friends:
When Wit and Breeding thus together meet,
The Charms are laſting, and the Union ſweet. *
'Tis now the Studious deep Attention give,
And what's genteely offer'd will receive;
Now kiſs the Rod, and freely own their Fault,
The Want of Judgment or Neglect of Thought;
As I, *my friendly Delius*, oft have done,
While in the *Critic* all *Mæcenas* ſhone:
—Science and Manners thus politely join'd,
With the full Bloom of Wit adorn the Mind.

As our firſt Parents, when convinc'd of Sin,
Relenting, ſtrove to hide the Shame within,

---

* *At nos virtutes ipſas invertimus.*——

Or, as the Painter drops the *curling Shade*,
O'er Charms for *ſecret Veneration* made; *a ſmitty conceit*
So ſhining Wit with Modeſty aſpires,
To give Delight, and animate Deſires,
All Objects, like the Sun, to love refines,
And in itſelf with all that's lovely ſhines.
Its chearing Rays extend alike to all,
Who riſe on *Virtue* or with *Glory* fall;
The more diſplay'd, the more its Graces pleaſe,
That ever charm with Negligence and Eaſe,
Aſſume no Dreſs but what's *politely plain*,
Nor wou'd to gain a Crown their Beauty ſtain.

Of all the Vices Indignation raiſe,
Wit nothing ſcorns ſo much as *vulgar Praiſe*,
Baſe vulgar Praiſe,——as Chance and Fortune blind,
To ſuch as Merit beſt the moſt unkind,
For ever fickle, factious, vain and bold,
Food for Corruption, and the Rays of Gold;

As

As Raſhneſs by the Weight of Folly falls,
So ſinks the Genius on their Mercy calls.

Whatever ſhone in ancient *Greece* and *Rome*,
Or ſhines in fair Improvements made at *Home*,
Muſt all conſpire to form the Man of Wit,
And ſweet good Nature muſt the whole acquit;
In ſhining Manners ſhow ſuperior Senſe,
Or he but makes to Wit a vain Pretence;—
Than *peccant* Wit, 'tis better to have none,
By *which* the *Greateſt* oft have been undone;
Wit's but a *Flaſh*; 'tis Breeding moves the Soul,
And like the *Syren*'s Voice inchants the whole.

Wit ſtems the Torrent of a vicious Age,
And daſhes *Tyranny* from off the Stage,
Full in the Face of all Preſumption flies,
But to correct a *Blockhead* never tries,
Man teaches to deſpiſe the Lures of Gold,
Nor with *retorted* Eyes its Charms behold,

But follow Virtue, and her Cauſe defend,
With Truth be bold, but not with Truth offend,
Be bold— but with a decent Pride be bold,
And Dignity in all we urge unfold.
Man thus ſublim'd a nobler Empire gains,
Than if his Pride o'er *Europe* ſpread his Chains,
Than if he made the *Perſian* Realms obey,
And *China* bend beneath his regal Sway.
Go then—— with wild Ambition ſtart thy *Prey*,
And over Realms of Ruin bound away;
Then drop into thy *narrow Self*, and own
The World's Dominion but a tranſient Throne.
All Happineſs in Virtue lies *compris'd*,
And all without's but Happineſs *diſguis'd*.

Fortune gives nothing to the truly brave,
And whom ſhe Favours but becomes *her Slave*,
Or what ſhe gives is but a fleeting Boon,
A Truth *triumphant Cæſar* found too ſoon:

Cæſar

Cæſar the Great! O moſt humanely kind,
Whoſe Mercy ſmil'd on all, but none could find.

When *Factions* baniſh *Stateſmen* from a Court,
Wit ſafe conducts *them* to ſome friendly Port,
Where they ſerenely view the Dangers paſt,
Their *Rivals* Dawn of Glory overcaſt:——
Oh, much too ſoon behold th' impending Storm,
Th' ambitious to their Ruin daily form. †
All on the proud *PRIVADO hating frown,
Whom thund'ring Envy quickly tumbles down:
Such the great Struggles that the *Great* inflame,
How few not cover'd o'er with *Guilt* and *Shame?*
How few whoſe *Prudence* can ſupport their Weight,
Too ſoon advanc'd to Honour's *Zenith Height?*
'Tis this intoxicates the ſtrongeſt Brain,
And always makes the *Self-ſufficient* vain.

---

† *Certantes, iter infeſtum fecere viai.* LUCRETIUS.
* *A Spaniſh Word, ſignifying one who excludes all others from the Royal Ear.*

In

In *few* that gentle Moderation reigns,
Of *Empires* worthy to direct the Reins;
Yet ſtung with Glory *all* with Ardour run,
And court the Shelves ſagacious *Pilots* ſhun.
O, for a Genius, *Orford*, like thy own,
To re-eſtabliſh Peace in *Albion's* Throne;
To make a *Prince's* Councils brightly ſhine,
To give the Bleſſings which diffus'd from *thine*;
And when the *Rage of Diſcord* ſhakes a Crown,
Command a Smile and lay the *Stateſman* down:
O may ſweet * *Hygeia* all thy Pains appeaſe!
Reſtore thy Health and give *thee* perfect Eaſe!
Propitious *Fate* extend the *narrow* Span,
That circumſcribes the ambitious Views of Man!

Art thou, my *Delius*, with Preferment ſmit?
And wouldſt thou charm us with intrinſic Wit?

---

* *Quod ſanare Criton, non quod Hygeia poteſt.*
Majorum Gloria poſteris quaſi
Lumen eſt, neque bona eorum.

Thy

Thy firſt and greateſt Care be Public Good,
And to promote it never ſpare thy Blood;
To Reaſon's Precepts make thy Paſſions yield,
And in Diſtreſs be *Fortitude* thy Shield;
By fair Examples baniſh Fraud and Vice,
And Public Glory hold at deareſt Price;
So ſhall thy *Paris* with *Honour* fill a Place,
And awe *rapacious Harpies* into Grace:
Yet Wealth and Grandeur are but tranſient Joys,
Scarce worth the Toil an honeſt Mind employs,
Riches but give us Luxury and Pain,
And Glory's dazzling Chariot makes us vain;
Such only live, as can facetious live,
Enjoying what the preſent Moments give,
Enjoy with Thanks, and not at Fate repine,
And thus politely make their Manners ſhine.

Wit gives to Beauty ev'ry charming Grace,
That captivates us in the faireſt Face,

Makes Lightning Play from ev'ry ſparkling Eye,
In which a Thouſand *Cupids* darting lie,
Makes Majeſty in ev'ry Feature ſhine,
Angelic Love, and Sweetneſs all divine,
Charms the fair *Goddeſs* from her *Paphian* Iſle,
And decks with Roſes ev'ry fragrant Smile,
Coeleſtial Beams around her Temples throws,
More lovely paints her than the pureſt Snows,
The *Nymphs* and *Graces* to her *Chorus* brings,
And the ſweet *Boy* on Love's deſcending Wings;
To whom the *Muſes* tune the ſounding Lyre,
And all *Anacreon*'s am'rous Joys inſpire.

Yet much too *impotent* the warmeſt Skill,
Like *theſe* to raviſh and with Glory kill,
Whoſe *Cyprian Smiles* diſſolve a Heart of Stone,
And conquer all beneath each circling Zone;
Ev'n *Heſiod*'s Muſe, tho' fluſh'd with Charms divine,
Diſplays not half the Charms in Beauty ſhine;

Nor

Nor could the Genius of a *Milton* raiſe,
A Theme ſublime enough for Beauty's Praiſe:
Jove in his Wrath diſpers'd thoſe radiant Stars,
On Man below to make inceſſant Wars.

Come then, *ye Fair*, be merciful and kind,
And charm us with the Beauties of the Mind;
Beauty *unblemiſh'd* ſhoots the keeneſt Dart,
And moſt ſeverely wounds the *Lover*'s Heart.
O, quench the reigning Pride of giving Pain,
Nor let ſo poor a Conqueſt make you vain;
And when you ſteal a Sip of tranſient Joy,
Let the ſweet Pleaſure all your *Wits* employ;
Be *Juno*'s Caution with her *thund'ring* * *Jove*,
In ſoft Delights, the *Guardian* of your Love;
Who round her *Lays* diffus'd a Cloud of Gold,
Too bright for piercing *Phœbus* to behold,

---

* τοῖον τοι ἐγὼ νέφος &c. *See Iliad.* xiv.

Leſt

Leſt in the Height and extaſy of Bliſs,
Shou'd be perceiv'd the ſweet ambroſial Kiſs;
Or Guard each Beauty with *Minerva*'s Shield,
And but with *Honour* to the Victor yield.

In Youth when warm Imaginations play,
And Tranſports from the Seat of Judgment ſtray,
When *Cupid* wanton's, and when *Bacchus* warms,
And Lute reſounding Muſic ſweetly charms,
Allures to *Chloe*'s moſt fallacious Smiles,
Seducing Pleaſures, and enchanting Wiles;
Sarcaſtic Wit corrects the *vagrant* Flame,
And ſhows the *Libertine*, abaſh'd with Shame,
All Joys are fleeting, Pleaſures ſoon expire,
Fruition fatiates ev'ry fierce Deſire:
Behold how Reaſon in the *Folly* reels,
And *Poverty* trips up the *Leacher's* Heels.

Pleaſure, altho' a *Nymph* divinely fair,
Contagions wanton in her flowing Hair,

All

All Maladies, of old or modern Date,
Both in *her* end, and from *her* circulate;
Not all the *Plagues Pandora*'s Box convey'd,
Diſperſe more Miſchief than this lovely Maid;
Lightning ſerenely flaſhes from her Eyes,
And in her Smile the *Cup of Circe* lies.
Ye Wits, whoſe Paſſions all your Cares employ,
Beware how you the blooming *Queen* enjoy;
Beware, or you are ſure to be undone, *
And languiſh out your Days by Twenty one;
Or if the fair *Meridian Height* you gain,
You only Climb the Precipice with Pain,
Relenting— Folly retroſpect too late,
And vainly wiſh a Life of longer Date.

Wit paints the *Coxcomb* in his *empty Shape*,
In *Self Opinion* ſhows a *curious Ape*;

---

* *Adde quod abſumant vires, pereuntque labores.* Lucretius.

Gay Vanity of all its Pride *deplumes*,
And ſpoils the *Rake* of all his rich Perfumes,
Shews him *enfeebl'd* by *venereal Wars*,
Grown *old* in Youth, and cover'd o'er with Scars;
Before the Prodigal throws Shame and Need,
And for *Extorſion* makes the *Miſer* bleed;
Thro' all Opinions darts its pointed Rays,
And the * *Tartuffe* in ev'ry Shape diſplays;
The World's Depravity minutely draws,
And executes its own impartial Laws:
Yet, like the *candid Judge*, with Mercy acts,
And only takes a Cognizance of Facts.

Such the *true Wit* engages ſocial Love,
And all the Raptures that our Paſſions move;
In uſeful and in chearful Converſe binds
The flowing Genius of cœleſtial Minds;

---

* *The Hypocrite in* Moliere.——

Calls

Calls forth the Beams of Friendſhip's ſacred Flame,
Uniting *Chiefs* in the Purſuit of Fame;
With all the Warmth of Emulation fires,
To make each *Chief* to be what he requires;
To charm the Genius, or adorn the Bar,
Or rival *Julius* in the Pomp of War:
Thus humble *France*, and bring the Laurels Home,
And quite eclipſe the old Renown of *Rome*;
From Eaſt to Weſt *Britannia*'s Glory ſpread,
And make the ſuppliant World *Her Thunder* dread:
Riſe, *Britons*, then—— in *Union* thus ariſe,
Thus *uſe* your *Wit*, and prove you *dare* be wiſe.

Yet, *Orford*, yet, with Smiles inſpire my Song,
And mark the *Plagues to vicious Wit* belong.

'Tis *ſaucy Wit* involves a giddy State
In endleſs Feuds, Diviſions, and Debate,
Arms with the *longeſt Swords* aſpiring Foes,
And brings on Kingdoms all the ſharpeſt Woes,

Rage,

Rage, Famine, Rapine, and inteſtine Wars,
Whoſe *Fiends* extinguiſh all the brighteſt Stars:
So *Greece* and *Rome* by dire *Diſſention* ſunk,
Diſtreſt by Parties, and with Glory drunk.
O thou, whoſe Pow'r o'er all below preſides,
Suſtains the whole, and all with Wiſdom guides,
With Pity from thy radiant Crown behold
Our daring Crimes, and quench the *Thirſt* of Gold;
(*Inſatiate Thirſt*, hot as the Torrid Zone,
And Source of all the *Storms* that ſhake a Throne)
Extinguiſh *This*, *contending Chiefs* unite
In Acts of Virtue that themſelves requite.
Thou too, whoſe ambient Waves ſurround our *Iſle*,
Protect our Fleets, and make our Commerce ſmile;
As far as *Phœbus* darts his genial Rays,
Be ours the vaſt Dominion of the Seas.

True Wit to *Petulance* bequeaths the Dart,
And all the ſhort Renown of being ſmart;

Or,

Or, when provok'd, its Edge acutely ſets,
And like the *God* of Love its Anger whets;
In uſeful Satire vents its poignant Spleen,
And wounds with Shafts moſt exquiſitely keen;
By kind Severity inſtructs to write,
To form our Manners, and to live polite;
Laughs at the *Critic*, and his rigid Laws,
And Wiſdom from the Source of Wiſdom draws;
Explodes the quibbling Arguments of Schools,
And leaves *Experience* to chaſtiſe her Fools;
Makes ev'ry Day a Comment on the paſt,
Nor fears th' enbrightning Dawn ſhould overcaſt:
Thus, like the *courtly Roman*, taunting ſmiles,
And to good Nature Prejudice beguiles;
Whoſe chearful Humour, and whoſe ſoothing Art,
Could as he pleas'd command his *Monarch*'s Heart:
But ſuch the Wit of this licentious Age,
Its Spirit's Scandal, and its Glory's Rage.

Ye *Miſcreants*, who diſtract the *Queen* of Iſles,
Whoſe *Envy* ſullies, and whoſe *Rage* reviles,
Whoſe Views are varniſh'd o'er with deep Diſguiſe,
And in *Preferment* all the Patriot lies,
Who rather than not gain your ardent End,
Wou'd from his golden Orb each *Planet* rend,
To feaſt your Pride, and gratify your Hate,
In Anarchy wou'd fain involve the State;
Hear this, and poliſh your malignant Spleen,
Or nothing ſhould your daring Libels ſcreen:
Theſe on *Britannia* bring inglorious Wars,
Contempt, and Poverty, and ſhameful Scars,
Suſpend the Vengeance that ſhou'd humble *Spain*,
Bourbon chaſtiſe, and Peace reſtore again:
Our greateſt Evil from our Bleſſing ſprings,
Plenty but gives Deſtruction ſwifter Wings;
Princes, like Beauty, ne'er indulgent prove,
But when we *humbly* court their gracious Love.

Eaſy the Task to blot another's Fame,
And who ſo fond as thoſe *devoid of Shame*,
In whoſe enormous Breaſt Ambition reigns,
Gives us the Plague, and then of Plagues complains;
Here Scandal and Detraction raiſe their Throne,
For ever to traduce the nobleſt prone,
Here whet their Darts, and point their cruel Stings,
And ſhoot them forth at *Miniſters* and *Kings*,
Cenſure the *nobleſt*, and aſperſe the *brave*,
Explode all *Meaſures*, and inceſſant rave;
With theſe, e'en Saints are *Harpies* when in Place,
But *Verres* is an *Angel* in Diſgrace.
O *Jove!* for thy avenging Rod for ſuch,
Severeſt *Satire* is too ſoft a Touch:
Iron ſhall ſooner lay aſide its ruſt,
Than *Envy* ceaſe to perſecute the Juſt,
Neptune his moſt belov'd Receſſes quit,
Than *Dullneſs* ceaſe to rail at ſhining Wit;
Such ſhining Wit as beams a *Stanhope's* Name,
Diffuſing Glory round the *Chiefs* of Fame,

Ennobling

Ennobling ſtill the beſt of noble Blood,
By Acts of Greatneſs, and in doing Good;
Thy Heart, O may thy *Country* long poſſeſs,
Thy Genius raiſe *Her* from her ſad Diſtreſs.

With Wit and Erudition well refin'd,
Sincere in Friendſhip, and polite in Mind,
Adorn'd with all that's noble, wiſe, and great,
With Merits worthy of the *Stateſman*'s Seat,
Pollio, the *Muſes* mourn thy *gloomy Fate*,
And wiſh *Thee* with the *Ornaments of State*.
O, bluſh to ſcribble, drop the *venal* Pride,
Or write with *Candour* on the *regal* Side:
So ſhall *Sedition*: both in Ryme or Proſe,
The Spring of their elaſtic Spirit loſe,
Pale *Envy* with a toothleſs Venom bite,
And in Contempt her *Fry of Miſcreants* write;
Thy *Genius*, like the Sun inſpires the Wit,
With which theſe *ſnarling Fiends* themſelves acquit:

But

But on ſuperiour Orbs reflecting play,
That Moment all *theſe Gnats* ſhall die away.

* Words are but *Toys*, 'tis *Manners* muſt reclaim,
Expel Corruption, and recover Shame;
Sages with Sound have been too long amus'd,
The *worſt* been honour'd, and the *beſt* abus'd.
Come then— before the Scepter humbly bow,
And *Jove* ſhall ſmile, and all thou art allow:
In Life the Praiſe of one good natur'd Deed,
Outweighs the nobleſt *Parts* in Wit ſucceed.

How— cringe and ſupplicate to come in Play,
The *Guilty* ſooner ſhall the *Juſt* diſmay.

Peace— *my good Lord*, you ſtill are too ſevere,
Too cloſe to Self-opinion ſtill adhere:
Opinion— that diſtracts the State with Whims,
And *cloſer* than the keeneſt Razor *trims*,
Fills reſtleſs Minds with anxious Fears and Doubts,
Admits the *weakeſt* and the *wiſeſt* Routs:

* *Le mende par vous ſoins ne ſe changera pas.*

So *Athens* often baniſh'd by her *Shell*,
The *Chiefs* who dar'd in Virtue moſt excel.

What Manners gives to Man ſo ſweet a Grace,
As were the * *Epitome's* of human Race;
Who could with Eaſe each captious Humour hit,
And had for each a Humour always fit,
In ev'ry various State could happy live,
And the beſt Rules in bright Examples give.
So † *Alcibiades*, tho' doom'd by Fate,
To periſh in the Flames of *vulgar Hate*,
With like Facility could gain the Heart,
And all the moſt engaging Love impart.
Examples theſe, to form the Man of *Parts*,
To make *him* great in all the ſocial Arts;
Bleſt Arts— which all inteſtine Jars diſclaim,
And *Public Quiet* make their *private* Aim:
That *Public* Quiet, whence all Glory ſprings,
Which bleſſes Subjects and enriches Kings:

* *Ariſtippus.* † ἐδὲ παρειδε κακῶς βυλευόμενυς καὶ κινδηνευόνλας.

As

As *Theſe* no *Ariadne*'s Web ſo true
Directs, to gain the charming Point in View:
Hence, *Pollio*, then, the moving Speeches draw,
Shou'd into Fear each guilty *Stateſman* awe;
On *Pelham*'s *Sapience* turn thy *raviſh'd* Eyes,
Confeſs *his Parts*, and live *ſerenely* wiſe.

How great the Number, but how very few
Who viſit Courts have honeſt Ends in View;
All, all traduce the *reigning Favourite*'s Name,
And on his Ruins hope to raiſe their Fame.
Int'reſt ſo ſtrongly plays before our Eyes,
It quite obſcures where Public Glory lies;
Fortune to *Kings* and *Woman*'s ſo ſevere,
But few approach *them* dare to be ſincere.
Nor is't the *King*, but *Gift* the Courtier loves,
And for the Sake of *This* obliging proves;
To gain the *ſov'reign Key* that rules his Heart,
Employs a World of Fraud and ſoothing Art;
'Till o- the Scepter he aſcending reigns,
And ridicules the Virtue that complains.

What

What Wonder therefore *Princes* often err'd,
And *Sycophants* to Men of Senſe preferr'd;
Since *Such* aſſume fair Virtue's awful Face,
The faireſt Honour and the pureſt Grace;
Whoſe Thoughts require th' immortal Eye to ſcan,
So intricate a Book to read is Man.
To gain the *narrow* End of *Self-deſign*,
No *Hermes* ſpins his *Policy* ſo fine,
Abſtruſe his Views, capacious are his Wiles,
His cloſe Ambition varniſh'd o'er with Smiles,
Diſſimulation flows in all his Words,
And all the Pride of fierce *Sicilian Lords*:
Not the *bright Serpent*, firſt *imblandiſh'd Eve*,
Can with more cunning Art and Wit deceive.
Britons beware— *Ulyſſes'* Frauds recall,
And in your Minds revolve *our fatal* Fall;
Beware and ken him with an *Eagle*'s Eye,
And let *Diſtruſt* the Want of Wit ſupply;
O, e'er you Credit, moſt profoundly think,
Or from the *Cup of Woe* for ever Drink.

11 7 49

F I N I S.